By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

Here's a page of stuff right from the trenches, assembled by The Review from a recent issue of the above named paper, published "Somewhere in France"

GERMAN PRISONER FAITHFUL ORDERLY

Binds Up American Officer's Wounds When Shell Bursts Near

THEN FETCHES LITTER BOYS

And He Was Terribly Surprised When They Asked Him Why He Did It

The other day a typical German soldier, rather more than less intelligent in manner and appearance than the average, jumped into an American trench near Cantigny.

He had been part of a German patrol and he had lost his way in the midnight darkness. He fell squarely into the welcoming arms of an American lieutenant who as battalion scout was waiting there for his own raiding party to return.

A little later the Yank was on his way to the rear, with his prisoner trotting silently in tow, when a German shell burst close beside them, seriously wounding the American and sending the Boche scampering to cover. From this cover the latter emerged cautiously after a few moments, and, as the lieutenant called him, came trotting over.

The lieutenant spoke German.

"I am wounded here in both legs," he said, "and there's a nasty wound in my arm. Will you get out your tourniquet and stop this bleeding, and then get out mine and see what you can do with it?"

German Works Quickly

The German worked quickly and effectively at his task. Growing bolder, the lieutenant told him where he would find the P. C., explained that he could get litter bearers there, and asked him to take the call for help.

Off the prisoner went in the darkness, and the lieutenant, knowing that it would be only too possible for him to escape through the lines to his own territory, wondered what would become of the mission. He knew when, before the wait had become intolerably long, the litter boys appeared, explaining that the German had come back with them far enough to point out the place where the lieutenant lay. Then he had been shipped off to the rear.

The lieutenant was so grateful that he insisted feverishly on word being sent along the line that that prisoner should be treated with special consideration. . . .

Why He Did It

Back at divisional headquarters the next day . . . after they had drained him dry of all the information he possessed about the disposition of troops behind the German front line, the officer conducting the inquiry brought up the story of the man's capture and the humane work he had done. It did not seem to be one of those cases of a spiritless Boche passionately anxious to be captured.

"Why did you do it?" was the question.

The German soldier opened his eyes in mild surprise.

"Why," he replied, "I was ordered to."

WEEK ON TRANSPORT JUST LIKE OLD DAYS

Corporal Bill Wins Prize by Telling All That Happened

GOBS GROWING FUNNIER

All the Ancient Jokes and Lots of New Ones Help to Kid Men in O. D.

On board the U. S. S. (?),

Dear Friend Earl.—It is now a week since I first set foot on one of Uncle Sam's transports, so I thought I'd use up some of my time writing you a letter and telling you what a time I am having.

When we started out for the transport we found out how considerate the Gen. was for us. While we were in camp we were quarantined, so he had us leave when it was dark so that we wouldn't see the town and feel sore because we wasn't allowed in it. It also saved us from sunburn and being sunstruck, this night march did.

Before we were put on the transport we were put on an excursion boat (of course we were crowded, but that stopped a lot of fellows from seeing anything, which prevented homesickness) and given an hour's ride in the harbor.

When we finally arrived at the transport every one wanted to be first on board.

Well, my company was first, and we were all glad, but I knew there was some catch in it or else we would not have been first.

There was, just as I thought. The first company on had to go down furthest in the ship, and that's why we were first, I guess.

When we saw it we got sore, but I'm sure we did not say anything we could be court-martialled for.

Didn't Like Chambermaid

There was an ensign or admiral or something detailed to our sleeping quarters to show us where we were to sleep and to act as chambermaid. But we didn't like the way he acted, so we dismissed him when we knew where our bunks were.

The man who built our bunks sure didn't want us to be lonesome at night when the lights went out, because he made sure to put us close together. Why, he built them so close that if I stretch my legs I've got to make excuses to two fellows who claim that I try to push them out of bed.

I have a top bunk, and the first thing that struck me when I got into it was an artistically white painted solid iron beam. I hit it with my thinker, and every time I put my Stetson on I remember the beam. Of course, the lump on my head will soon go away, I know for a fact. Why, it is only half as large as it was one week ago.

They are afraid of the ship getting filled with water, so they left the springs out of our bunks.

We aren't allowed to smoke, but every cot has its pipes. That was a joke, didja laugh?

It is a tough job to go to sleep here, and the Gen. knows it, so he has us start a half hour before sunset so that we are asleep by 4 a. m., when he wakes us up.

Just Water and Sky

Anyhow, the boys are all happy, and every night when the lights go out, about eight, harmony quartets sing us to sleep.

The first day out we amused ourselves by watching the ships and the changing color of the water, but on the second day we only had the water and sky to look at, which was tiresome.

On the third day the Germans did their best to start something with their subs, but our gunners were rather cruel to us, because they sank one before we all saw it, and scared the rest of them away.

Every day we have some music handed to us by the band, because the authorities believe that it takes wine, woman and song to make a soldier happy. Realizing this, they gave us everything but the wine and woman.

We also had church service, and it was well attended by those who wanted to be there, those who had nowhere else to go and those who were caught in the crowd.

We are drilled every meal time. We get two a day, and eat them on the double so that we will know how to do it when we start for Berlin, and then we won't have to stop for meals.

I miss the candy most, and every day there is a regular subway crowd near the canteen trying to get the much desired sweets.

Every day we have a few minutes in which to see how fast we can run up the stairs so that we can get on deck if a sub presents us with an honest-to-goodness torpedo and gives us a bath.

There are more decks on this ship than there are articles of war for us to obey.

A fellow said that we must get our water on the well deck, so I tried, and think he was kidding, because I couldn't find any wells or faucets either. There is another deck they call the boat deck, but it's the same as any other one, and hasn't even a canoe on it.

The forecastle don't look like a castle either, and don't leave any one tell you it does, 'cause I know different. . . .

Saw some flying fish to-day, and heard that they build their nests on the rollers and feed on the crust of the waves. I didn't see any nests, so I ain't sure yet.

I am getting tired of seeing nothing but ocean and sky. It must be easy to run a transport. All we have done since we left was follow the fellow in front of us.

I was told our company must eat in twenty minutes, so I will close now because the captain will get sore if I don't eat when he says I should. I will write more some day soon. So long.

Yours truly,
BILL (Corp.).

P. S.—If you *ever* join the Army, join as an officer, because they don't have to leave the boat until last, and it sure is tough to be the first to get wet.

The chaplain of infantry who sent in the above letter wrote as follows: "Permit me to submit the prize-winning letter which took first place in a large field of contestants while our organization was crossing the Atlantic. Six money prizes, contributed from the chaplain's fund, were given after the unanimous decision of three judges, a brigadier general, a British captain and a naval ensign. The theme given by the chaplain for the men to write upon was 'One Week on an Army Transport,' and no less than 500 words could be written, nor more than 1,000. 'Human interest' was the only point of excellence to decide as to who the winners were. The whole contest served to relieve the monotony of a sea voyage, and the judges stocked up with laughs to last them for the entire campaign."—Editor.

COULD YOU BLAME HIM?

The Army's Poets

LETTERS

My buddy reads his letters to me, and, say, he sure can write!
I have to sit and chew my pen and even then
The way it reads when I get through I know it's pretty sad
As far as composition goes; the grammar, too, is bad.
But talk about—gee, he can sling the ink to beat the band,
And picture everything he's seen a way that sure is grand.

I got him to write a note to my gal and, golly, it was fine!
I copied it and signed my name, but, all the same,
It didn't seem to please her, for she wrote in her reply
She'd read it several times and it didn't sound like I
Was sayin' exactly what I meant, and was I feelin' good;
I'm kind of glad she took it so—in fact, I hoped she would.

MEL RYDER.

BEEN THERE?

Did you ever hear a bullet whizz,
Or dodge a hand grenade?
Have you watched long lines of trenches dug
By doughboys with a spade?

Have you seen the landscape lighted up
At midnight by a shell?
Have you seen a hillside blazing forth
Like the furnace room in Hell?

Have you camped o'ernight in a ruined town
With a rafter for a bed,
With the horses stamping underneath
In the morning when they're fed?

Have you heard the crump-crumps whistling?
Do you know the dud-shell's grunt?
Have you played rat in a dugout?
Then you've surely seen the front!

EDGAR C. OUTTEN,
1st Lieut., F. A.

TRENCH POEMS

I—On the Fire Step

The sun goes down behind a hill,
For half an hour all is still.
The sky grows dark, the stars appear—
We watch the moon through cloudlets steer.

We hear the rumble of the wheels
Of ration-carts, with store for meals,
And then—a flare's great flaming ray
Turns brooding night to broad midday.

Next, we can hear machine guns fire—
They cut into the foe's barbed wire—
One hundred rounds, and then they cease;
Again is No Man's Land at peace.

In dugouts deep the tired men snore
While big rats run across the floor,
And one man twists from left to right—
'Tis hard to sleep when cooties bite!

The breeze wafts over No Man's Land
The martial strains of a martial band;
The Huns, no doubt, rejoice in glee
O'er tales of transports sunk at sea.

But our guns spot that German band—
The gas shells scream o'er No Man's Land
For fifteen minutes—then all's still,
And—no more music behind the hill!

Day now breaks; our shift is done.
For daylight fights lure not the Hun.
We thank our stars—an easy stunt:
"A quiet night on the Western Front."

Sgt. JOHN J. CURTIN, Hdqrs. Co., Inf.

A PRAYER FROM THE RANKS

Silent, the snowy mountain tops
Keep watch through the starlit night;
Safe in her valley the village sleeps,
Wrapped in her mantle of white.
Can this be France of the cannon's roar
And the shell-torn battlefield—
France of a thousand thousand graves
And war's grim harvest yield?

In the gently swaying tree-top there
A withered leaf still clings,
And, venturous harbinger of spring,
A lone little songbird swings;
Yet why are the young men seen no more,
And why do the women wear black?
Ask of that distant muttering roar
Which the hilltops echo back.

Maker of Earth! Can Thy children be blamed
If they fling up their question to Thee,
When the husbandman sleeps 'neath the soil he should till,
Why such things as these must be?
Yet, lo! we have come o'er a long, weary way
To slay with the sword and be slain,
Men's feet to restore to the pathways of peace,
Though we never tread them again.

Grant us this prayer: that the toll that we pay
Shall not have been levied in vain;
That when it is sheathed the sword of the world
May never see sunlight again.
When the roses shall climb o'er the crumbling trench
And the guns are all silenced in rust,
May War find a grave where none shall disturb
Through the ages his mouldering dust!

JOHN FLETCHER HALL, Sgt., Co. A., —— Inf.

THE N. A. MAN

We didn't volunteer,
But, God knows, it wasn't fear;
We were those who long before
Formed the mass that hated war.

It took the Hun of Potsdam
To show us where we stood;
Now we're in it to the finish,
And the finish will be good.

We didn't volunteer,
But, God knows, it wasn't fear;
We'd have gone in later, anyhow—
Well, anyhow, we're here!

We hate those Huns, the Germans,
For all the things they've done,
And of the things we hate them for,
Our being here is one.

We didn't volunteer,
But, God knows, it wasn't fear;
The flag we carry won't be furled
Till Uncle Sam un-Huns the world!

M. G.

BON JOUR, HOW'S YOUR ITCH?

—By WALLGREN